

passage of the bill, had already assumed the functions of magistrate in London by imprisoning a man in the official residence of the Marshal. The principal citizens, snatching up their arms, rushed to the house, broke in the doors, released the prisoner, flung the stocks in which he had been fastened into the middle of the streets, and made them into a bonfire. Lord Percy was sought under every bed, and in every corner and closet in his house. If he had been found he would never have lived to be made immortal by Border poetry, but would have perished miserably at the hands of mechanics and retailers.

Fortunately he was dining with the Duke in another house in the city. A messenger, wild with fear and haste, burst in on the feasters and told them to fly for their lives. They leapt up, John of Gaunt struck his knee severely against the table. They hurried down to the river, took boat and crossed to Kenning-ton Palace, where the Black Prince had died, and his widow still kept house. She received them as refugees, as indeed they were. Nothing but fear of death could have driven the Duke to take shelter with the widow of the Black Prince.

They had done well to cross the river; no place on the north bank was safe. The mob, now quite beyond the restraint of the principal citizens who had begun the riot, but who repudiated its later excesses, burst out of the city gates to the Savoy. This residence, though not magnificent belonging to any subject in the land, had been enlarged and beautified by successive generations of the Kings and Dukes of Lancaster. It stood amid green lawns running down to the banks of the Thames, and pleasure-gardens then famous for their roses, and still remembered because Chaucer loved them and drew from them soft inspiration. If it could have survived the hand of violence, this beautiful palace might to-day be one of the finest monuments of the life and art of the Middle Ages. Unfortunately it was situated halfway between Westminster and London, in a position peculiarly exposed to attack from the city. Here the rioters, not knowing that he had escaped across the river, hoped to find and kill John of Gaunt and to burn his mansion over him. Meeting on their